

THE THREE
EPISTLES
OF
Aulus Sabinus:

In Answer to as many of

OVID.

Made ENGLISH
BY
Mr. SALUSBURY.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at the Judges-Head
in *Chancery-Lane*, near *Fleet-street*:

MDC LXXXVIII.

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MRS. A. L. S. B. R. I.

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T H E

P R E F A C E.

AUlus Sabinus flourished in the Reign of Augustus, and was contemporary with Ovid. He wrote a Book of Elegies to his Mistress Trisena: Left some unfinish'd Poems of the Ancient Roman Religion and Ceremonies. He also wrote several Epistles like Ovid's; and these particularly in answer to so many of that excellent Poet's, viz. Hippolytus to Phædra, Æneas to Dido, Jason to Hypsipyla, Phaon to Sappho, Ulysses to Penelope, Demophoon to Phyllis, and Paris to OEnone, Of all which the injury of time has deprived us; the three last excepted.

The Learned Heinsius speaking of these
A 2 three

The P R E F A C E.

three Epistles, *calls them a Treasure; And indeed they express so much of a true Poetick Genius, and maintain their Character so well, that it has been thought fit in this Edition to give an English Version of them: And that the rather, because in all the late and best Editions of Ovid's Works, these Epistles of Sabinus are found inserted.*

Epist.

EPIST. I.

ULYSSES

TO

PENELOPE.

The ARGUMENT.

Ulysses having received Penelope's Epistle, by this answer endeavours to clear her doubts, and calm her thoughts. He tells her with what Fortitude he had gone through the various hardships that had befallen him; and that having consulted Tiresias and Pallas, he was determin'd to return suddenly to Ithaca, but (to comply with the Oracles) alone, and in disguise. And as he is careful to magnify his Love, and Fears for her, and her extraordinary Constancy and Chastity: So he forgets not to tell her what he saw in Elisium, whither he went to consult Tiresias.

CHance does at last let sad Ulysses see
The welcome Lines of his Penelope

2 ULYSSES to PENELOPE.

So much thy known dear Characters did please,
That my long troubles found an instant ease.
If I am slow, 'tis only to relate
To thee my many wounds from angry Fate.
Well might the *Greeks* indeed have thought me slow,
When by feign'd Madness I delay'd to go :
Nor Will nor Power had I to leave thy Bed,
But to possess thy Charms from Honour fled.
You bid me come and never stay to write ;
But adverse Winds detain me from thy sight.
Troy hinders not, a place once so rever'd,
In Ashes now, no longer to be fear'd.
Hector and all her mighty men of Fame
Are now no more, are nothing but a Name.
By night the *Thracian* Monarch *Rhesus* slain,
I safely to our Camp return'd again :
Leading his warlike Horses my just Spoil,
The Noble Triumph 'for the Victor's toil.
The Shrine wherein the *Phrygian* safety lay,
My fortunate contrivance brought away.

Shut in that Horse that prov'd the bane of *Troy*,
 Unmov'd I heard *Cassandra* cry, destroy
 The Engine quick; the Foe your ruin seeks:
 Burn, burn it quite, nor trust the crafty *Greeks*.
 To me oblig'd the great *Achilles* lies
 For his last Rites, his Funeral Obsequies:
 Which action to the *Grecian* army warms,
 For his recover'd Corps they give his Arms.
 But, what avails! the Sea has all engross!
 My Ships, my Arms, and my Companions lost!
 Tho all things else Fate's Cruelties remove,
 They have no power to shake my constant Love.
 That still endures, and triumphs over all;
 Nor can by *Scylla*, or *Charibdis* fall.
 To alter that the charming *Sirens* fail;
 Nor can the fell *Antiphates* prevail.
 Not touch'd by *Circe's* Arts from her I fled;
 Nay shun'd the proffer of a Goddess's Bed:
 Each promis'd, so she might become my Wife,
 To give me deathless Joys, and endless Life.

Both I reject, and having thee in view,
 My dangerous Travels cheerfully renew.
 Let not these Female Names beget new fears,
 Alarm thy breast, nor drown thine eyes in tears:
 What *Circe*, what *Calypso* could effect:
 Secure of me, all chilling doubts neglect.
 That you my open Soul may naked view,
 I will confess, that I have fear'd for you,
 When I was told how numerous a resort
 Of eager Rivals crowded in your Court;
 All pale I grew, life left my outward part,
 Scarce the retiring blood preserv'd my heart.
 Besieg'd by pressing youthful Lovers round,
 Their Bowls with Wine, their Heads with Roses
 crown'd,
 My growing doubts to wild disorders haste;
 Ah! can I think she still is mine, and chaste!
 If me she wept, her Charms wou'd not be such:
 Cou'd she thus conquer, if she sorrow'd much?
 Yet quickly love returns, when I perceive
 How well your chaste your pious Arts deceive

Your

ULYSSES to PENELOPE. 5

Your hasty Suitors, and procure delay,
 By night undoing what you weave by day.
 Yet fear I, lest some busie Lover's eyes
 Thee at thy honest Artifice surprize.
 Better by *Polyphemus* had I dy'd,
 Than know thee sacrific'd to Lust and Pride,
 Better to *Thracian* Arms have fain a prey,
 Whilst there as yet my wandring Navy lay.
 Or then have yielded finally to Fate,
 When I return'd safe from the *Stygian* State.
 'Twas there I saw, among th'immortal Dead,
 My late dear Mother's venerable Shade.
 She told his House's troubles to her Son;
 I griev'd she thrice did my embraces shun.
 There too the great *Protesilaus* I met,
 Who scorning Death, first of the *Grecian* Fleet
 With Hostile Arms the *Phrygian* Shores did greet.
 Now happy with his much prais'd Wife he roves
 Fearless of change, through the *Elisian* Groves:

Lamenting

6 ULYSSES to PENELOPE

Lamenting not he did so young descend ;
Pleas'd with an Early since so Brave an end,
I saw, alas ! nor cou'd from tears refrain,
The noble *Agamemnon* newly slain.
That mighty Chief, glorious and safe at *Troy*,
Escaping too in the *Eubean* Sea,
Where furious *Nauplius's* horrid Arts had done
Such ills, for Vengeance for his guilty Son.
But whilst, rejoycing for his safe return,
Atrides does his grateful Incense burn,
By impious hands his sacred Blood is spill'd,
And by a thousand Wounds the Prince is kill'd,
This tragick end had the great Hero's Life,
Contriv'd and manag'd by a wretched Wife ;
Pretending Vengeance for his Amorous Crime,
To cover her's, strikes first and murders him.
When Victory had blest the *Grecian* side,
And we our *Trojan* Pris'ners did divide,
Great *Hector's* Wife and Sister I refuse,
And the old *Hecuba* do rather chuse ;

To her neglected Age I give my Voice,
 Left Love might seem to mingle in the Choice.
 No longer her in humane form we meet,
 A fearful Omen to my parting Fleet,
 Her enrag'd heart with grief and rancour burns,
 And suddenly to a mad Bitch she turns ;
 In barking, howles, and snarling now she ends
 The loud Complaints her wild Affliction sends.
 As if amaz'd, the late calm Winds and Sea
 Start into Tempests at the Prodigy.
 By dangerous Storms now am I rudely tost ;
 Now wandering long in unknown Regions lost.
 But if the wise *Tiresias* can as well
 Our future Joyes as Miseries foretell ;
 The prophecy'd Disasters having past,
 I enter on my kinder Fate at last.
Pallas now joyns me on an unknown Coast:
 Safe led by her I can no more be lost.
Pallas, whom now the first time I salute
 Since *Ilium's* fall, pleas'd hears my humble suit.

What

8 ULYSSES to PENELOPE.

What mighty Ills upon the *Greeks* were brought
By rash *Oiliades* bold and single fault!

Not ev'n *Tydidēs* did the Goddess spare,
His Vertue too did our Affliction share.

None could his Favour, or his Merit plead,
But all were punish'd for the impious Deed.

Yet happy *Menelaus* no Chance could harm;
His beauteous Wife was still a Counter-charm;
In vain the Winds, in vain the Billows rage,
While she is there his Passion to assuage.

Winds had no power his Kisses to restrain,
Nor his Embraces the tumultuous Main.

Thrice happy I, did I but travel so,
For calm'd by thee all Seas wou'd gentle grow.
But since *Telemachus* with thee I hear
Is safe, extreamly lessen'd is my care.

Whose too rash Voyage yet I needs must blame,
What ever *Sparta* cou'd or *Pylus* claim.

Too weak th'excuse ev'n of his Piety,
For vent'ring out in such a dangerous Sea.

But

ULYSSES *to* PENELOPE. 9

But now the Prophet bids me hope, ill Fate
Is o're, and now I thy Embraces wait.

Alone I come; temper thy rising Joy,
For all Excesses equally destroy.

Not open Force, but Management and Art,
The Gods foretell, will Victory impart.

Amidst a Feast, and in the heights of Wine,
Perhaps my just Revenge I may design,
And make the scorn'd *Ulysses* nobler shine.

Swift fly the hours, and speed that happy day;
And when arriv'd, for Ages let it stay:

That day! that shall restore Joys so long fled,
And all th'intrancing Pleasures of thy Bed.

Epist.

EPIST. II.

DEMOPHOON *to* PHILLIS.

By the same Hand.

The ARGUMENT:

Phillis, the young Queen of Thrace, impatient of the too long absence of her lately married Husband Demophoon, the Son of Theseus King of Athens, had written him a very passionate Letter, intermixt with Hope, Fear, Love, and Despair. Which Letter Demophoon receiving, he returns this Answer. Wherein owning all her kindness, he shews he loves her with an extream passion; and that he has no thoughts of any other love: tells her, that the disorders of his Family, requiring more time to re-settle than he expected, are the true and only causes of his stay. He gently blames her doubts, and her impatience; handsomely excuses himself; promises an inviolable Constancy, and that his Affairs settled, he will certainly return.

WHilst this is from recover'd Athens sent,
Can I forget the Aid my Phillis lent?

No other Torch has Hymen held for me,

Ah! were I happy now as when with thee!

Theseus

Theseus (whose Noble Blood your mind did move
Much less than your own free unbiass'd love)
Hard Fate for us! driv'n from his Regal Throne,
But Death has put the bold Usurper down.
Theseus, who did an equal glory share
With great *Alcides* in the toils of War,
When the brave Heroes, with united strength,
Broke the fierce *Amazonian* Troops at length.
Theseus, who, when the *Minotaur* he'd slain,
Did of an Enemy a Father gain.
Cou'd such a Prince, cou'd such a Parent be,
Without a Crime, abandon'd left by me?
This, my dear *Phillis*, is *Demophoon's* charge;
On this my Brother loudly does enlarge.
You press, he cries, for the fair *Thracian's* Charms,
And all your courage soften in her Arms.
Swiftly the while Occasion flies away,
And our disasters grow by your delay.
Our Fathers Fate, had you made hast on board,
You had prevented, or with ease restor'd.

Shou'd

Shou'd Athens less to you than *Thrace* appear,
 Or why a Woman more than both be dear?
 Thus rages *Acamas*. Old *Ethra* now
 With equal anger bends her wrinkled brow;
 That her Son's hands close not her aged eyes,
 On my delay with feeble wrath she flies.
 I silent stand, while me they both accuse;
 Nor on their anger, but thy absence muse.
 Methinks this moment still I hear 'em say,
 While on thy Coast my shatter'd Navy lay,
 To Sea, to Sea, the Weather now is kind,
 On board, and spread thy Canvas to the Wind.
 By what, hard *Demophon*, art thou so took!
 To thy lost Country, and thy Father look.
Phillis you love, her your example make,
 Her Country she for Love will not forsake.
 Begs your return, but with you will not stir;
 And does a barbarous Crown to yours prefer.
 Yet in the midst of all, how oft I pray'd,
 By adverse winds to be still longer stay'd!

Oft when I parting did embrace thy neck,
I blest the Storms that did our parting check.
Nor to my Father will I fear to own
What e're for my sweet *Phillis* I have done;
That I avow, or he the story hear,
Is owing to the merits of my Fair.
I'll tell him freely that I cou'd not leave
Thy dear embraces, but my Soul must grieve.
What rocky breast from such a Wife cou'd part,
But weeping eyes wou'd speak his sinking heart!
The Ships she might deny, she does bestow,
And only bids they be a little slow.
Nor can he chuse but pardon such a Crime.
Bright *Ariadne's* not so lost in him:
Up to the Stars when e're he casts his Eyes,
He sees his shining Mistress in the Skies.
My Father's blam'd, as he his Wife forsook,
Tho' by a God she forcibly was took.
Shall my ill Fate too, *Phillis*, be the same?
Enquire the cause, nor me unjustly blame.

Take this sure Pledge for *Demophoon's* return,
His heart for you, for you alone does burn.
Is't possible you ignorant can be
Of the disasters of my Family?
I mourn a Parent's Fate, involv'd in snares :
And oh that nothing else employ'd my cares!
My Soul laments a Noble Brother dead ;
Torn by his frightened Horses as he fled.
Not to excuse returning have I told
Some of the many causes that with-hold
Me from thy Ports. Believe it Fortune's crime,
That I still beg of thee a little time.
Declining *Theseus* I must first inter :
Honour will that to every thing prefer.
That done, for which my prayers I do repeat
For leave, to *Thrace* I instantly retreat.
I am not false, but still adore thy Charms ;
Nor do I think I'm safe but in thy Arms.
Not War, nor Tempests, since the fall of *Troy*,
Cou'd me in my return so much annoy

To cause delay : No, that was only seen
 Effected by the kind fair *Thracian* Queen
 Cast on thy Shores, thou freely didst supply,
 To all my pressing Wants a Remedy.
 Be still the same : Then nothing shall remove
 The happy *Demophoon* from *Phillis* Love.
 What if a ten years War shou'd now renew,
 That Honour shou'd engage me to pursue,
Penelope thy great Example be,
 So fam'd for her Unspotted Chastity,
 Her curious artful Web, ill understood,
 Did her hot Lovers cunningly elude.
 The Woof advanc'd by day, the nights restrain,
 And ravel to its Primitive Wool again.
 But you with fear, it seems, are almost dead,
 Lest the scorn'd *Thracians* shou'd despise your Bed.
 Ah, cruel ! cou'd you with another wed,
 Is then your Love, is then your Faith so light,
 Nor can the fear of broken Vows affright ?

Think what your shame, think what your grief will be
 When my returning Sails from far you see
 Then all in vain repenting tears will flow,
 And own the Constancy you question now.
Demophoon comes! then in amaze, you'll cry;
 And to my Arms through Winter Storms does fly.
 Ah, why to great a Guilt did I contract!
 And what I blam'd in him why did I act!
 But Heaven avert: Nor let it e're be said,
 That thy fair Vertue could be so mist.
 If such a Fate shoud on my *Phillis* light,
 The mighty Load woud overwhelm me quite.
 But ah! what dreadful threatening words are those,
 With which your Letter you unkindly close!
 Abstain, at least till greater Cause you see,
 To charge my House with double perfidy.
 If to desert the *Grecian* were a fault;
 Yet I've done nothing to be guilty thought.
 Farewel my Hope's best Object, Soul of Love:
 All that obstructs our meeting Heaven remove.

May every Joy Love can, or Fortune give,
 For ever with my Charming *Phillis* live.
 The Wind now bear my words; my Person they
 I hope shall safely to thy Arms convey:
 There to repeat another Nuptial day.
 My Wishes are with thee: and that I pause,
 My Duty, and my Honour are the Cause.

By the same Hand

THE ARGUMENT

The Poet's Name, Ovid, having written to
 Paris, to persuade him to return again to her Pa-
 trie, and to send back the Fair Grecian to her
 Parents: Paris in this Epistle, endeavours to ex-
 tenuate his fault; laying the blame sometimes on
 Fate and Fortune, and sometimes on the force of
 Love. With gentle words he tries to mitigate her
 Indignation; and concludes with her to exert her
 Justice, in which she was famous.
 to excuse what he had said, by reciting his Passion
 for her, or by extenuating her crime.

B 3 Epist.

EPIST. III.

PARIS

TO

OENONE,

By the same Hand.

The ARGUMENT.

The forsaken Nymph OEnone having written to Paris, to perswade him to return again to her Embraces, and to send back the Fair Grecian to her Husband: Paris in this Epistle, endeavours to extenuate his fault; laying the blame sometimes on Fate and Fortune, and sometimes on the force of Love. With gentle words he tries to mitigate her Affliction; and concludes advising her to exert her utmost Skill in Magick (for which she was famous) to procure quiet to her self, by reviving his Passion for her, or by extinguishing her own.

WHilst you of me so justly, Nymph, complain,
I seek for plausible replies in vain.

I own

I own my fault, confess my broken Vows,
Yet my new Love no Penitence allows.
May this acknowledgment procure thee rest,
And calm the Tempests of *OEnone's* Breast.
I *Cupid's* Slave his Orders but obey,
Deserting thee for charming *Helena*.
Your Wit and Beauty, Nymph, you know did move
My first young Wishes, and my bloom of Love.
My Glorious Birth then troubled not our Joy;
Love and our Flocks did all our thoughts employ.
If talk of Greatness mingled with our sport,
I swore *OEnone* might adorn a Court.
Thus, tho' now chang'd, did then upon thee smile
Love; whom to Reason what can reconcile?
When you from *Pan*, and from the Satyrs fled,
To take a Private Shepherd to your Bed,
Was it your Reason then you did pursue?
Or kept you ought beside your Love in view?
My present Passion is from Fate; for e're
I did of *Leda's* Beauteous Daughter hear,

Inspir'd *Cassandra* did foretel the thing,

Paris shall *Helena* to *Ilium* bring.

In every circumstance too well you see

Th' event has justifi'd her prophecy :

Except those wounds of mine, which yet remain,

To bring me to my pitying Nymph again.

Still I remember sweet *OEnone's* fear,

When first we did the strange prediction hear.

Melting in Tears——Ah then, will Fate remove

Her *Paris* from the lost *OEnone's* Love!

Must he such Wars, Slaughters, and Ruin bring!

Be found a Prince thus to involve the King:

Love taught me threatned dangers to despise:

And Love equipt me for my Enterprize.

To him impute the Crime, and me forgive;

The God, not *Paris*, does the Nymph deceive.

Against his Pleasure what can Mortals say,

Whose Pow'r th'immortal Gods themselves obey?

When Mighty *Jove* the fire of *Cupid* burns,

Into a thousand various shapes he turns.

Europa's Bull, and *Danae's* Golden shower,
Put each a Lovely Virgin in his Power.
Not Charming *Helen* (cause of all thy care)
Had been so wondrous, so divinely Fair,
Had not Great *Jove* the Silver Plumes put on,
And cheated *Leda* with a seeming Swan.
O're *Piny Ida*, *Jove*, an Eagle flies,
With his lov'd *Ganymed* to distant Skies.
The Valiant *Hercules*, so fierce and bold,
For *Omphale*, did a weak Distaff hold:
Clad like a Maid he sat him down to spin,
And Conqu'ring she put on the Lyon's Skin.
Your self *Apollo's* proffer'd Love decline,
And shun a God's Embraces to be mine.
Not that a Shepherd with a God can vye,
But it so pleases *Cupid's* Deity.
If my new Passion still thy mind displease,
Yet this at least methinks might give thee ease;
That nothing in my Breast cou'd quench thy Love,
But the Bright Daughter of the awful *Jove*:

Tho'

Tho' yet her boasted Birth and Mighty Race
Enflame me less than her Enchanting Face.

I wish I had unskill'd in Beauty been;

Then Rival Goddesses I had not seen:

Not been obnoxious to great *Juno's* hate;

Nor Wise *Minerva* then shou'd irritate.

The fatal Apple I to *Venus* gave,

Binds me for ever *Citherea's* Slave.

She her Son's Darts will distribute around,

And give him Orders when and where to wound;

Yet is her self oft wounded by his Dart,

The Wanton Boy spares not his Mother's Heart.

Mars to her Bed so often did resort,

All Heaven at last was witness to their sport.

Then to attract *Anchises* to her Arms,

Appears a Mortal with Celestial Charms.

What wonder Love shou'd have transported me,

When his own Mother *Venus* is not free?

Wrong'd *Menelaus*, tho' hated, Loves; can I,

On whom she dotes from the Fair Princess fly?

I see the gathering Clouds from *Sparta* rise,
And threatning Tempests thicken in the Skies.
The Angry Greeks with Armies menace us,
And Hostile Fleets rig out for *Pergamus*.
Let 'em come on, and fight us if they dare;
To keep this Beauty we accept their War.
Her Face, *OEnone*, 's so Divine a thing,
'Tis worth the Cares and Dangers of a King.
The *Grecian* Princes hasting all to Arms,
Enough evince (if you still doubt her Charms.)
But her for whom they Fleets and Armies send,
With greater force the *Trojan's* will defend.
If any hope *OEnone* you retain,
Of ever freeing me from *Helen's* Chain,
Quick to those powerful Herbs and Arts repair,
By which thou rul'st in Heaven, Earth, Sea, and Air.
Not *Phebus* self is learneded than thee,
Scarce are the Gods from thy strong Magick free,
Thou by the mighty workings of thine Art,
From their pale Orbs the trembling Stars canst part:

Call

Call down the Moon, the Sun's swift motion stay,
 Protract the darkness, and arrest the day:
 As Bulls I fed, among the Herd there came
 Fierce Lyons, made by thy Enchantments tame.
 Swift *Simon* and *Kanthus* Christal waye
 Forbore to flow, when your Commands you gave.
 Your Father, *Ganges* Waters too submit,
 Nor fight thy Charm, since all acknowledge it.
 Now, wisest Nymph, exert thine utmost Art,
 Quench thy own Fires, or to inflame my Heart.

FINIS

